

"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

NEW YORK is a land-locked island. On the north is the State, on the south is Staten Island, on the east is Long Island, on the west is New Jersey. Staten Island is the chosen abode of rich people, and the narrow strip of land between Connecticut and the Hudson River sells at a high price per square inch. But on Long Island and New Jersey land is cheap. The prosperous workingman may buy, the struggling laborer may rent a comfortable home for less than he pays for his ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenement-house room in the Sixth Ward of New York. Yet the workingman lives in New York, a prey to disease, half-buried in dirt, uncomfortable, unhealthy, with nothing to make him spend his evenings at home, with everything to make him spend them in the beer shops. Go out of town and you see on each side of the railroad unoccupied cottages and neat little tenements.

The fact is, the workingman will not leave New York. Why? Frankly, we do not know. Whatever he may say or feel about the tyranny of capital, he knows perfectly well that capital will be only too glad to build him houses in the country at a cost of one thousand dollars and rent them to him at twelve dollars a month; which is, deducting a fair amount for taxes and repairs, \$100 a year return—10%. But capital knows that it can not induce the workingman to occupy such houses when built. Some strange perversity keeps the horny-handed son of toil within the city limits. His children die of foul air and unavoidable contagion, he himself loses half his capacity for work; he goes to committee meetings and howls about anti-rent principles. But he will not leave New York. Rents are cheap, car-fare and ferry-fare are cheap, and will be cheaper if there is sufficient travel, the country is healthy, the means of access are many and good; it takes him no longer to get from New Jersey to his factory by boat than it does to get there from his own house on foot—but he stays in New York. Why? We wait for an answer.

If a man's home is his castle, his office most assuredly is not. Rather is it the camping-ground of the peddler, the beat and the charity-collector, to whom the business section is a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground. There is no end to the number of harpies who under the cloak of charity haunt our offices; and there is as little limit to their perseverance and cheek. Every kind of applicant tries a special wile, from the would-be blushing damsel, down through the wealthy matron and the grief-stricken widow, to the loud-voiced, blear-eyed, broken-down preacher whose absence would be cheap at ten times the trifle that he divides between his society and gin. That the hearts of men are so constituted that they cannot be relied upon to be charitable without the exercise of considerable pressure is, we suppose, as a general rule, true, but there ought to be some decency about the means employed, and some security to the giver that his contribution will reach the object intended.

The hiring of young women to canvas for charitable societies, is dictated solely by the knowledge that their presence in unaccustomed quarters lends additional charm to their persuasiveness, and creates a mild feeling of surprised gratification and vague delight in the minds of their victims. Where a man could not obtain five cents, one of these women will wheedle out five dollars. It is not that the latter urge their cause with more vigor or eloquence; it is—well, it is because the askers are women and the asked are men. We do not believe that these women are often exposed to insults, but we do believe—we know, that no woman of this class that we have met retains the modesty and diffidence which were probably once her charm. Nor could the result be different. No woman can continually intrude herself as a beggar into the company of strange men without speedily losing all those qualities that made her attractive.

Moreover nearly all these female collectors work under false colors. They represent themselves as lady-patronesses of their societies, and contrive to give the impression that they are devoting their time and means to the cause of the charity, whereas they receive, as a rule, thirty per cent of the sums they obtain. Were this fact known to the persons applied to, probably not one tenth part of the amount now gathered could be secured. The societies who hire these women, with a view of trading on their charms, and instruct them to make lying representations, are guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses, if not of something much worse. And what proportion of the money contributed is likely to be expended on real charity, when thirty per cent is deducted as a first charge, and all the working expenses of the society have subsequently to be defrayed. No wonder the sheep of Cowley's fold were starved. There are a great many more Cowleys and more starved sheep in this city than is generally known or suspected.

Senator Conkling does not appear to be at all satisfied with the turn things are taking. He is not satisfied with representing the Cabinet in the Senate, and having, with the assistance of his devoted friends, Messrs. Mahone and Platt, pretty much his own way. But President Garfield has actually presumed to nominate Judge Robertson for Collector of the Port of New York, and Mr. Conkling will not have it, because he fears to lose his New York patronage—and that of the Custom House is valuable; and besides, this very great and wise Senator is of opinion that neither Mr. Garfield nor the country owes anything to Mr. Robertson. Now, we think that Mr. Garfield is, from his political

and legislative experience, much better qualified to judge of the fitness for office of the persons he nominates than is Mr. Conkling.

Mr. Conkling is the best, or rather the worst, example of our vile system of allowing personal patronage to Senators. Why should a Senator individually dictate to the executive as to what persons shall or shall not be appointed to fill certain offices? The Senate collectively, very properly, has the power to confirm or reject any nominations that the President may make, but we fail to see why the country should be parceled out among the friends of its members, as if it were a conquered kingdom—such as was England when William the Norman stole the lands and property of the Saxons and distributed them among his cut-throat barons. Two-thirds of the time of the Senators are occupied in fighting as who shall and who shall not have an office, and fighting about their so-called rights and privileges. The country pays its Senators good salaries to make laws for it and not to put their friends in office. Whether the Senator comes from New York, or Pennsylvania, or Virginia, outside of his individual legislative power he ought to have no more to say as to what shall or shall not be done than the humblest citizen in the community. We are glad to see that President Garfield has shown that he has a mind of his own, and we hope that all the bellowing of the un-republican and unjustifiable petty tyranny of the concealed and shallow Senator from New York will not make him alter it. It will be bad, we think, for the bull if he gets in way of the locomotive as driven by engineer Garfield.

The prosecution of the Socialistic and miserably obscure sheet, the *Freiheit*, in London, by the British Government, is a grave error—the graver because England for a century or two has prided herself on the freedom of the press within her dominions. The first telegram which gave the news read as if it had come from St. Petersburg, Paris or Berlin, and not from the capital of a country that is never tired of talking about the wonderful liberty enjoyed by its people. Detectives arresting the editor; police ejecting the compositors; taking the keys and locking up the premises; prisoner brought before Police Court. The prosecutor for the government said that there was no wish to interfere with the freedom of the press; but it is a contradiction in terms, for the very fact of proceedings being taken show a desire to interfere with that freedom—and this, too, with a Liberal Ministry in power. No intelligent lover of liberty will uphold assassination; but a great many people are of opinion that the killing of Alexander was the assertion of a principle, and as justifiable as the execution of that heartless, ignorant tyrant and trampler on the rights of the people, Charles of England. No one will assert that the world is not better for the death of that man.

But, in our opinion, it is a frightful mistake to shoot, stab or blow up emperors, kings and princes. It is, if the people will only intelligently and peacefully combine, much easier to drive them out of their countries and send them over here to become respectable citizens and lead decent lives—although that would be a hard matter for some of them. There is not a crowned head on a European throne that by education or intelligence or enlightenment is fit for his or her position. There need be no bloody revolutions, followed by anarchy, to remedy this state of things. France and ourselves get along well enough without these fossil old tyrants and figureheads, and it is about time that other nations followed our example.

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OILYMARGARINE.

WE HAD hoped that our Oilymargarine friends were not going, for some time to come, to give us an opportunity of saying anything more about them or the delectable compound which so many people are eating under the delusion that it is pure butter.

The subject to us is an exceedingly unsavory one, and we would willingly let it drop altogether; but if the enterprising concocters of this precious oleaginous material will persist in provoking discussion on the subject, we claim our right to take part in it.

It will be curious to see what kind of a report the Albany legislative Committee for the Investigation of Butter and Cheese Adulterations will make. The Committee did not spend a great deal of time in visiting the grease, fat, oil and rendering establishments which are sacred to the manufacture of Oilymargarine and its ingredients; but it remained quite long enough to notice many curious features.

Says the *Sun* of one place visited: "In the blood-boiling and bone-boiling part of the works the odor was very bad." In another factory, at the foot of West Forty-fifth Street, where Oilymargarine Oil is made to be shipped to the unfortunate Rotterdammers, the same paper says: "In some of the rooms the floors were thick with grease."

Mr. Francis D. Moulton, the President of the National Dairy Association, spoke of Oilymargarine as "an impure food containing the germs of disease, tape-worms in embryo and morbid secretions, and as a dishonest commercial product, because it is sold by dark-lantern methods."

Mr. Moulton, of course, made these remarks as an interested party, and as one who wished to lower, in the estimation of the public, an article which interfered with his business; but, so far as Oilymargarine being sold by "dark-lantern," Mr. Moulton says what is strictly true.

We have stated it fifty times before, and we shall, if necessary, state it a hundred or a thousand times more, that however wholesome as an article of food Oilymargarine may be—and we have an opinion on this point—it ought to be sold as Oilymargarine and nothing else. The present law, which is supposed to compel the grocer to put a ticket marked "Oilymargarine" on all that he sells, is utterly useless, because the grocer rarely does this—and, in nine cases out of ten, the customer is no wiser if he does not.

One person in ten thousand may ask for Oilymargarine because he likes it; other persons ask for butter and get Oilymargarine instead, because it is almost impossible to distinguish by the appearance the one from the other.

The manufacturers and sales-agents of Oilymargarine know perfectly well that if people could distinguish at sight butter from Oilymargarine their trade would instantly be ruined. It is for this reason that they oppose tooth and nail our suggestion that their manufacture should be colored pink or blue. If this were done, no mistake could possibly be made. A person could then go to his grocer and see both Oilymargarine and butter, and buy that which he considered the more palatable and wholesome.

No amount of legislation on the subject will be of the slightest utility until this dyeing of the Oilymargarine is made compulsory. It is idle to talk of making other regulations with regard to it, for they could always be evaded. Similar laws as to coloring the article should be passed with regard to "lard cheese," for now it is hard to know what one is eating.

The evidence of Mr. Henshaw, of the Butter

and Cheese Exchange, in the New York *Tribune*, may be interesting to those who like to know how their food is made. He says:

"I have visited the Oilymargarine factory of the American Dairy Company, at Broome and Hudson Streets, and it was in a very filthy condition. The men at work were dirty, wore no clothing except a bag around them, and handled the material with filthy hands. The floor was covered with filth composed of dust, milk and grease. I would not eat any of the product after seeing it made. I do not think one-fifth of the consumers who use Oilymargarine know it to be such. I never saw more than one retailer who sold Oilymargarine as such."

Perhaps this explains why the manufacturers refuse to dye their Oilymargarine.

Dye Oilymargarine Pink!

THE ALBUM-WRITER'S FRIEND.

WE have received a small work bearing the title of "The Album-Writer's Friend." It is a collection of dislocated stanzas, presumably suitable for copying into young ladies' albums. We should judge that it was eminently well-fitted for its purpose, and we think most of the selections exactly up to the mental level of the average album-writer. This may be hard on the selections; but we do not mean to be unpleasant.

There are some gems, however, in "The Album-Writer's Friend" which it seems to us might have been improved. They are very good; but they lack snap, local color and timelessness. They do not accurately reflect the intellectual activity of the nineteenth century. Yet they do not need much alteration to bring them up to the standard of popularity. We think we can touch one or two of them up.

For instance, on page 13 we read:

Oh, those eyes! so calm, serene—
Sweetest eyes were ever seen.
Will the woes of coming years
Ever shadow them with tears?
Shall my life the sunshine own,
That last night upon me shone,
When, beneath the summer skies,
Beamed on me those brown, brown eyes?

Now, this is all very poetical; but it isn't the kind of thing to take the fancy of the modern maiden. We should alter the last part so as to read:

"Shall my life the sunshine own
That last night upon me shone,
When, beneath the summer skies,
You and I stampeded flies?"

Then, on page 19, we find:

Remember me, is all I ask;
And, if remembrance be a task,
Forget me.

This would be vastly improved by a small addition:

"And, one thing more, when I am dry
For Bourbon fierce or milder Rye,
Just wet me!"

Page 23 supplies this gem:

Oh! think of me some day
When I am far away;
I'll pray thy days be long
And joyous as the song
Of sweet birds singing near,
Thy heart with love to cheer.

But why is it not polished off with a rhyme on beer?

Then page 34 is illuminated with this brilliant and original couplet:

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Why should not the combined causes of Virtue and Morality be served by adding:

"For Worth invariably yanks the bun."

There is, though, one selection in the book which we can cordially approve of, without reservation. It is this, supposed to emanate from the compiler:

When on this page you chance to look,
Just think of me and close the book.

Puckings.

THE FISHERY QUESTION—Got a bite?

THE INDIAN QUESTION—Where's your fire-water?

GETTING ready for the Spring street cleaning—the April showers.

TALMAGE's revival in Brooklyn was not a success. He says that Lent hurts the circus business.

A NEW YORK boy actually threw away money last Sunday. He threw it at a line that was marked out in the dirt.

By the official report, there is \$204,000 invested in the undertaking business in Philadelphia. This does not include the stock of the Ledger.

IN Wall Street circles the rumor prevails that the sale of Wm. H. Vanderbilt's Western Union stock was necessitated by his recent visit to Niagara Falls.

THIS is the time of the year at which fifty new brands of laundry soap put in an appearance to live about as long as the average new dramatic paper.

It was at one time expected that McVeagh would resign; but these hopes were dissipated when the fact came out that McVeagh was Simon Cameron's son-in-law.

AT the present time, the hopes and aspirations that burn in the small boy's soul are to discover a new method of eloquence for overcoming the pedagogue after a three weeks' hookey campaign.

THE nomination of James C. Pearson for Postmaster of New York by his father-in-law, Postmaster-General James, has frustrated the life-long exertions of all the "funny men" warning, in their paragraphs, all young men against marriage and the mother-in-law.

AT last the officials of the Elevated Roads have adopted the Block system so assiduously recommended by PUCK—only with a slight addition of their own invention. PUCK would call the new system, from the local arrangement of the blocks, the Blockhead system.

A HINT to the World's Fair Commissioners: Why don't you take George Francis Train for President of the World's Fair and the Madison Square for its locality? Or, as Receiver Jewett has declined the honor, why not let Jewett alone and take any other man for receiver?

JAMES GORDON BENNETT recently received an anonymous letter containing only the words: "J. G. B. is a fool." With his world-renowned presence of mind, the long-legged killer of ladies and polo-ponies put the letter in a new envelope and addressed it: "James G. Blaine, Washington, D. C."

A POLICEMAN interfered in a fight last week, and took the combatants to the station-house, where he was reprimanded by the Captain for interfering with anything that took place on the street, and the men were let go. The next day over one hundred letters were received by the *Herald* complaining of the interference of a policeman in a street-fight—something never known to have occurred before in the annals of New York.

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRESIDENTS.



R. G. I.:— WHERE DO I COME IN, JIM?
J. G. B.:— GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OUT, BOB. YOU'RE NOT QUITE ORTHODOX ENOUGH FOR US.

OUR PORCINE PLENIPOTENTIARIES.

SPEAKING prospectively, it is well known that late in July, 1881, His Duality, President Blaine-Garfield decided not to call an extra session of Congress, giving as his reason that with the Senate in perpetual session there was no particular need of the lower House. It is also well known that the scheme of "Boycotting" American pork grew in favor with the hirelings who misgovern the effete despotisms of Europe, and in June of the present year even Greece imposed an import duty virtually banishing American lard. In Russia some Chicago sausages were declared to be n. g. by the Official Journal and the rumor spread from Archangel to Sebastopol, from the Baltic Sea to Lake Baikal (see Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff") that American anarchists had attempted to kill the "Little Father" with a nitro-glycerine sausage.

During these Continental and Asiatic turn-oils, Secretary Blaine was not idle. He evolved a diplomatic scheme for humbling foreign powers. He declared by the shade of Caleb Cushing that America had a valid claim for consequential damages against all foreign countries implicated in the hog embargo, and demanded of his namesake, President Blaine-Garfield, that he appoint a roving Commission to visit Europe and Asia, present our bills and collect the same—3% discount for cash.

A Cabinet meeting was called by Secretary Blaine. Secretary Hunt said he would detail a war vessel for each Commissioner. Unless we wished to have all our great men buried at

just their health. The necessity of sailing in different vessels made it absolutely necessary that a meeting of the Commission should be held before their departure, so in case of the death or non-arrival of any member his ideas would not be lost.

The meeting took place at Wormley's, Mr. Davis, on a settee, as Chairman.

He said:

"The English come to America and kill our buffaloes, marry our daughters, laugh at our institutions and feel bad at our prosperity; the French try to appropriate our Isthmus; the Germans buy our best land and make the best beer; the Italians teach our children the organic principles of music; and the question before us is: shall our hogs be refused admittance to foreign countries?"

After an animated discussion they dined; they sailed; they arrived; and the American public awaits the result.

Will it increase our foreign trade in pork?

Will it make men and brothers of Messrs. Carl Schurz and Henry L. Dawes, Benjamin Hill and General Mahone?

Will the trip reduce Judge Davis's physical influence, and make it easier for the fence?

Will Secretary Blaine win laurels as a Diplomat?

Will the President regret trying to please all parties at the same time?

Will the reader kindly consult the contemporaneous daily press for answers to these inquiries, paying particular attention to paragraphs pertaining to the patriotic peregrinations of our porcine plenipotentiaries?

CHAS. F. PIDGIN.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXVII.

THE AMERICAN FEUDAL SYSTEM.



Ya-as, many for-
weignahs labah undah
the impwession that
in Amerwica the govern-
ment is entirely in the
hands of the people, and
that no class of people
has a pwescwiptive wight
to contwol any bwanch of
the legislatures, or
to dictate to the weal

wuling officers of the countwy as to what shall be done.

But Pwesident Garfield has opened my eyes to the erwor of this ide-ah, and I find, aftah considerable conversation with him on the subject, that in many Amerwican political mat-tahs there is pwactically as much tyrwanny as in the most autowcatic countwy in Eurwope—faw instance aw, Wussia.

It is wathah surpwising, but it is nevertheless terwibly twue.

"Mr. Fitznoodle," said Mr. Garfield to me in a wathah sorrowful tone, when I was paying him a morning visit in wecognition of the bwakfast I'd had with him a few days pweviously, "I dare say you think I have a twemendous amount of powah, considering that I have been elected by the majorwity of the people of the United States; but it is quite a mistake. In weality, I have not as much to say in the orderwng of affai-ahs as your own Queen Victorwia, who, I am told, does liter-wally nothing, although she dwaws a much big-gah salarwy than I do. I appe-ah to dirwect things, but, to tell you the twuth, I am entirely in the hands of a lot of political conspirwatahs, to whom, in a gweat measure, I am indebted faw my position. I am affwaid to offend them, because they would then wise up against me."

And the Pwesident paused for bweach.

"I'm extwemely sorwy for your twibulations," I remarked in a sympathetic tone.

"You must undahstand," said Mr. Garfield in a twemulous voice, "that I twy verwy hard to pwetend to do as I please, but it's all make-believe."

He then took the twouble to explain to me that the membahs of the Amerwican House of Lords have the ancient Woeman name of Sen-atah, and everwy Senatah fights verwy hard to have the pwivilege of giving pwofitable govern-ment situations to all his fwields that happen to weside in the Senatah's particulah terwitorwy.

Jack says that these Senatahs exercise their patwonage as if they were feudal barwons in the age of chivalwy in gweat Bwitain and othah parts of Eurwope, and that it is an exceedingly disweputable thing to witness the stwuggle among these fellows faw the wight of appointing some inferwi-ah and incompetent individ-ual to a position where he will be sure of get-ting a good salarwy without any weferwence to the work he performs.

There is no competitive examination, no aw pwomotion on account of merwit; but a gweat deal on account of the electioneerwng the per-son may have done faw the Senatah and his fwields.

Aw it seems, therewaw, that a wepublic is not such an incorwupt descwription of government, aftah all; and I think the dwawback arwises, in a gweat measure, fwom giving salarwies to Congwessmen and Senatahs faw making laws. We don't pay our Membahs of Parliament anything, ye know. They do their work faw the honah aw.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS LECTURES ON THE POETIC PROFESSION.

No. IV.

TO THE READERS OF PUCK:

DEAR FRIENDS:

Rossetti is a man who has "experienced" the Neo-Pagan religion.

Drop into any "revival-meeting"—I mean any successful revival, outside of Brooklyn—and you will see some poor nervous, cranky, mooning, semi-hysterical wretch come forward to the anxious-seat to be prayed for. Pretty soon he will yield to the excitement of the moment, to the sense that all the attention of the assemblage is concentrated upon him, to the feeling that he is in some way in communication with supernatural powers, and he will have an epileptic fit. He will writhe and roll on the floor, and when he comes to himself he will be told that he has "got the grace," and he will stand up trembling, agitated, and make a speech or a prayer, talking with an irrational and unnatural eloquence and a fervor that work his audience into a sympathetically morbid condition. That is called experiencing religion.

The Neo-Pagan religion that Rossetti experienced long years ago is an ingenious revivification of the mediæval mixture of Catholicism and Heathenism—the antique Pagan mysteries performed in a Gothic cathedral. Rossetti has "got" the doubtful grace of this religion, and has got it bad, which is a pity, because he set out in the poetical business with brains enough for a regiment of the smaller professional fry.

If you wish to write like Rossetti, you have only to read a little mythology and attend a Ritualistic church for a month or so. When you have got your Venuses and your saintesses so thoroughly mixed up that you don't know a centaur from a chasuble, sail in.

You may as well as not make up your mind that you are not going to write "The Woodspurge" or "Jenny," or "The Portrait," or the second sonnet for Ingres's "Ruggiero and Angelica;" but if you will avail yourself of the following hints, you will find no difficulty in getting up something as good as the average production of Mr. Rossetti's archaic enthusiasm.

For the first thing, you must drum up a good vocabulary of odd and obsolete words, of the kind that look as if they meant a great deal, and really don't mean anything—compound words, made up of a substantive and adjective, like heart-sick, blood-fraught, hate struck, and sich, and queer words ending in *-ful*—lovelful, pleasureful, passionful—meaningful words, in short. You will find some of these words in the worst writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the rest in any gushy sermon by a "sympathetic" preacher. You will always strike a good stock of them in the obituaries written by women over the latest celebrity deceased. Find some female fashion-correspondent who has been telling the readers of the *Slabtown Slabjack* how "helpful" Thomas Carlyle was to his race.

Next, practise writing anapaestic verse, which may be briefly defined as too-much-pork-for-a-shilling verse—verse made on the baker's dozen principle. If you are doing decasyllabic verse, you may ring in an extra syllable, unaccented, anywhere, except sometimes near the end. Ordinary amateur verse, before it is trimmed down, harrowed, sifted and mitred, is apt to be anapaestic.

Then go out to a chromo-store and buy a picture of a sapsago-cheese colored young woman, standing with an inflammatory rheumatism twist to her body and trying to give a lily dyspepsia by looking at it. A seventy-five-cent picture will do. Then sit down and stare at the picture until you feel that way yourself. Then write.

Remember that the regular plain-style article in Rossetti's line of poetry is either addressed to Love, who is described as a Lord, or a Boy, or a Master, or almost anything, and told how effective he is in disturbing a man's moral equilibrium, or is devoted to singing the praises of a woman who is described as a saint, and referred to very much as if she weren't.

Remember also that in looking at any object, you must try to observe in it those characteristics only which would most forcibly impress themselves upon your mind if you were in a state of alcoholic delirium.

Now, see if you don't come out something after this fashion:

LOVE-CRAZEFULNESS.

Girl, I am heartsick for thee, for that throat
A serpent up-drawn in all dreamfulness
(Whatever blood within those veins may press,
Lo, have I not said: Sleep takes no further note;
Nay, slumber is peeled from off me like a coat?—
This for the eyelid and lip of thee, traitress,)
This thing may now no lovefullest words express
Whereof the unrestful hours alone take note.

Love, of thy body's blood is made for her,
And of all pains thy blossom-white breast that wring
A sacrifice, and of thy forehead's sheen.
This is the consummate glut of my yearning
To plunge her lily and her in the sea-water,
Utterly to drown in turbulence of sage-green.

This is Mr. Rossetti's favorite scheme of poetry. Occasionally he varies it by a neat reproduction of the Early English Ballad. The Early English Ballad was usually composed by an itinerant minstrel—an imaginative old tramp with a primitive musical instrument. He was the prototype of the modern professional poet. One of these disreputable old wanderers would trot into a castle courtyard with his mediæval bagpipes under his arm, and sit down and improvise a ballad until the women paid him to go off, or one of the men came home and yanked him across the moat. He would begin to tell a story, wailing cheerfully along until a rhyme occurred to him, and then starting another line. When he got dead stuck, he interjected some incomprehensible phrase, vaguely suggested by the theme in hand, and thereafter worked it in regularly, so as to get time to think of the next stanza. He called this a bur-

A POINT IN SENSATIONAL RELIGION.



H. W. B.:—LOOK HERE, TALMAGE, HOW DID YOU SAVE TWENTY-FOUR SOULS WHILE I WAS MAKING SIX?

T. DE W. T.:—AH, MY BOY, YOU HAVE N'T MY DRAMATIC INSTINCT NOR MY GYMNASMIC PLIABILITY. THAT'S IT.

den. That was the only glimmer of sense he showed.

Mr. Rossetti is highly successful in reviving this style of verse.

Here is a suggestion of the form it would take if it were clustering round a modern theme:

She pulls one end and I the other,
(*And oh! the racket is good!*)
Hear the snap of the Rimmel's cracker,
Helen's cheek when Love's lips smack her.
Yes, and the maiden she burned her fingers,
(*Too much racket for me!*)
Love is snapped like the string of a 'cello,
Helen smiles on another fellow.

The modern aesthete is the perfect and quite consummate efflorescence of the Rossetti idea. This will make many people wish that Mr. Rossetti's parents had died in infancy. But I must admit that he has been one of the most enterprising poets in the profession; and that he has originated a line of poetical manufacture which I have found very useful in supplying (to order, C. O. D.) the "Post-Office" at high-church fairs.

Consummately and supremely yours,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

'Tis now the damosel sweet and pale
Doth scoop the 77ct. sale.

Now we hear the ancient vender
His Bermuda onions toot,
While the Billy (hardly tender)
Banquets on the rubber boot.

When breezes redolent of blossom
Wake joy in muskrat and opossum,
And dies the snow storm and the blizzard,
The small boy has his ringlets scissored.

THE DEMANDS OF ETIQUETTE.

A "SOCIETY" journal lays down a number of rules for the observance of gentlemen who do not know what to wear on certain occasions—such as afternoon calls, receptions, weddings, etc. It is extremely gratifying to know that it is no violation of the strictest etiquette to wear coats on *all* these occasions.

"The rule for weddings at night," says this authority, "is evening dress."

This is a valuable reminder. Many gentlemen supposed it was the correct thing to wear a morning dress at evening weddings, and a night dress at morning weddings.

"The cutaway and short coats which a number of men insist upon wearing on all occasions are entirely out of place except for calls."

Thus it appears that a man, in order to be fashionable, must own more than one coat. This is mighty inconvenient. What the exigencies of the occasion demand is a coat with adjustable or reversible tails. A garment that could be converted into a cutaway, frock, or pigeon-tailed coat by merely pressing upon a button, or pulling a string, would fill a long-felt want.

"Ties and trousers should be of simple and unstriking colors."

A man who would wear a green tie and trousers to match at an evening reception, would be voted a trifle "loud," we suspect.

"When in evening dress, no gold whatever should be perceptible."

This is sensible.

It looks snobbish for a man, when at an evening party, to pull a handful of gold pieces out of his pocket and jingle them under the nose of his less fortunate visitor. We never do it. And to consult a \$900 gold watch every five minutes would be apt to induce the belief in the mind of the hostess that one man at least was bored, and wished the thing was over. We were never guilty of such a breach of etiquette, either.

"Your studs, if jewels, should be plain pearls—

black pearls, if possible; and here, if you like to spend a thousand dollars on rare specimens, the canons of good taste will not be offended."

This is cheering. If there is one thing we like more than another, it is to pay a thousand dollars for shirt studs; but rather than violate

the canons of good taste, we would wear ordinary pearls costing not more than five or six hundred dollars.

"The waistcoat can be black or white. If the latter, it should not be fastened with gold buttons. Imitation gilt ornaments can be made so perfectly, and are so difficult to detect on casual examination, that gentlemen prefer to wear no jewelry whatever."

That is the way we feel about it. Nothing is more annoying than to have a mean person point at one's fifty-dollar gold buttons and playfully ask if they were purchased at a ninety-nine cent store, or if they came in a twenty-five cent prize-package. A placard might be attached to the vest, explaining that "these buttons are genuine, and cost \$50;" but this might also be considered bad form in good society.

"Black silk stockings are preferable to any other."

They come high, but we buy no other kind.

"A small white bud in the button-hole relieves the monotony of a costume which, though ugly in itself, never fails to set well on a man who looks like a gentleman."

This has been our experience. If a man who is a gentleman, but does not look like one, wears an ugly dress, he should put a big sunflower in his buttonhole.

This would break the monotony very much and withdraw attention from his ill-fitting clothes.

"A lady should refuse to dance with an ungloved man."

She should also refuse to dance with a man who wears boxing-gloves in a ball-room. The line must be drawn somewhere on gloves. And a gentleman should refuse to dance with a lady who wears a heavy layer of pearl powder on each cheek—if he doesn't want to become a "marked" man.

W.

The lilacs bloom beside the fence,
And fill the goat with joy intense.

THE ONLY THING HE WON'T TAKE:



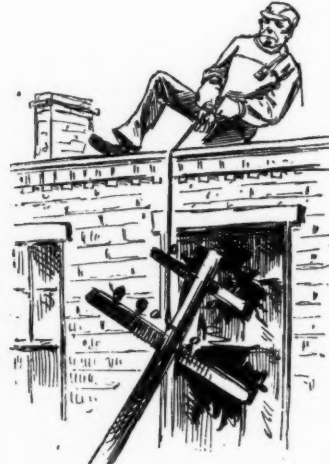
THE NEXT TRAIN FOR GALENA.

THE TELEGRAPH POLE FIEND,

AND HIS DOINGS.



He begins his work of devastation by ringing the bell and demanding the privilege of ascending to the roof.



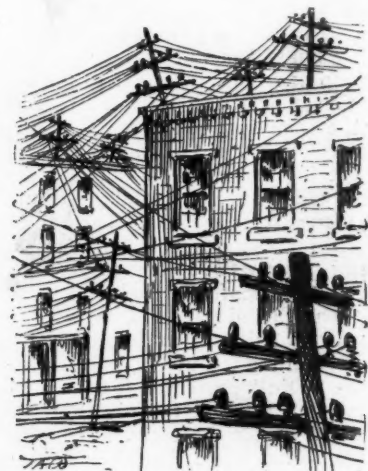
He ascends, and elevates the pole, with a lofty indifference to the safety of the window-panes.



He plants the pole, and, while he is about it, he plants it to stay.



He makes the inhabitants appreciate the blessings of an advanced state of civilization.



This is the appearance of the neighborhood after the Telegraph Fiend has completed his operations.

A SPRING POLONAISE.

SPRING has stepped upon the lea and waved her lily wand, and the land is full of song and color. The violet is bursting in the wood, and the wild rose is unfolding its petals by the brook. A delicate green tints the meadow, which catches the shadow of the passing cloud. Old winter's resignation has been accepted, and he has departed with his slippery walks which used to land us on our necks and measure us correctly every time.

The air is redolent of mint and marjoram, and full of the soothing symphony of the goat who stands in the back yard like a sphynx among pyramids of ashes, and devours old paper with a wanton leer; whose serenity is not disturbed until a small boy lets a brick fly and relieves him of almost his entire vitality.

Everything bespeaks new life, and hope is imprinted on every object animal and vegetable, except the lady who can't persuade her husband to shkel her for an Easter hat. The opossum is hopping along the brookside in the morning sun; the oriole is building its little castle in the draperies of the weeping willow; the carman is going around proclaiming himself the Archimedean lever that moves the piano and bureau smashlessly; the iceberg shoots the rapids; the young man shoots the ulster; the squab strikes for liberty; the landlord strikes for more rent. And then beside the old sunfish pond at the foot of the hill

Hear the quackle of the duck, little duck,
(Just hear its Shanghai mother's nervous cluck)
Throwing water off its back,
Hear the music of its quack,
Quack, quack, quack, quack.
How delighted it doth feel
While it's eating Indian meal
From the little China saucer, ere it on the pond doth tack.
Then we stand around and think
Of the duckling, while we drink
All the quackle, quackle, quackle of its quack, quack,
quack.

The air is opulent with a distillation of apple blossoms, and every whiff carries us back to some memorial day supposed to have passed in fairy land. Rich sprays of wistaria are running up the column like a book-keeper. It is sweet to muse and dream among the manifold beauties of nature, while these balmy days are with us, and to wander off in the woods to escape beating the carpet, and to be out of hearing of the scissors grinder, whose fire-edged buzz completely eclipses the combined efforts of a dozen assorted agents and a locomotive letting off steam.

Lovely Spring, season of song and flower; brief period when the poet sees a thousand infages at every turn, and works them for all they are worth. Balmy spring, sung, written, hand-organed, etc., we are glad you are with us once more. We feel like saying while our soul gets on its hind legs with joy, old girl, lay it there! Fetch on your "ethereal mildness!" Your wealth of flowers fills us with reeking sentiment, and we pause, without throwing down our rapture-brakes, to watch the small boy lying in the swamp enjoying nature when he should be at school, and to note the efforts of the housewife who is dusting as lively as a bank president with the depositors' money. And then along the highway

Hear the ki yi of the cur, lilac cur,
With righteous indignation all his fur
Stands up as he doth settle
For a gallop with a shudder,
With a copper-bottomed kettle
Neatly fastened to his rudder.

All the boys around him mingle,
And they shout and think it proper
As they hear the merry jingle
Of the poodle and the copper.

And they shout, shout, shout,
For they know what they're about,
And of their utter happiness there's little room for doubt.

And the dog keeps onward shooting
O'er the meadow skiting, scooting,
All his sadness wildly fluting,
While the boys keep up a hooting
As the brick at him they shy.
And the dog runs all the faster
To his home and to his master,
To escape the wild disaster.—
Well he knows that soon a plaster
Should adorn his western eye.
But, to-night, for satisfaction,
Will that poodle be in action
When the moon is shining vividly, on high, high, high,
And he'll strike a rapid bee line
For the serenading feline,
And he'll make her dust most rapidly or die, die, die,
Though, at present, swiftly flies
From the meadow to the skies
The kiynabulation of his kiyyis!

What is lovelier than to take a nice long walk with a girl in a big straw hat on one of these sweet, long, dreamy, halcyon days that open and close on hinges of gold to the wild, rich music of a woodland orchestra? And then to say soft things to her, and to go reaching among poison vines to gather pretty flowers for her, and to be obliged to hold an umbrella over her to keep off tree-toads and things, and to agree with her in everything she says, no matter how ridiculous it may be. O lovely time, short and swift as tenderest dreams; short and swift as love-kisses, when you have only a few seconds and the old lady is close at hand, you grasp our souls as firmly as a candidate grasps the hand of a voter the day before election. O divine span of mellifluous calm when the swallow and the whitewash-brush fly; when the wake-robin trills tender interludes in the hedge; when the Arab beats the carpet and the temporary resident moves away and beats the grocer; when the air is full of significant hints of coming strawberry festivals and Sunday-school picnics at fifty cents a head and furnish your own food and lug the basket through the woods until your back is almost broken and your collar dislocated. Divine season of pearly showers and iris-wreathed waterfalls, when the organ-grinder makes himself felt, and the house-top and the boy's head are shingled, and the garden is spaded, and the honeysuckles bloom, and the humming-bird begins to hum, and the plumber ceases to plumb, and the dog has his coupons cut and is environed in a muzzle, and the poet and the hen are on the brood, and

Now the spoony rural lover
Round the moonlit path doth hover
That his girl he may discover
At the gate, gate, gate.
Sharp at half-past eight he meets her,
And in ecstasy he greets her,
And to ices later treats her—
Lover's bait, bait, bait.
And they swing upon that gate
Till the hour's pretty late.
Lots of sentimental chinning
While he hangs, hangs, hangs,
O'er that gate, the maiden winning;
While he feels against his face
Bits of lace, lace, lace,
And the more divine sensation of her bangs, bangs, bangs.
And he e'en forgets her freckles
While he dreams about her shukels,
And he vows her Grecian nose
Is a rose, rose, rose,
And each eye a dreamy pansy,
And her love a necromancy.
And then appears her father with her boot, boot, boot.
As swift as any lapwing,
Just watch that spoony chap wing
Down the opalescent lane
Like a western hurricane,
While the owls in every tree-top loudly hoot, hoot, hoot,
And the parent lists the music of his scoot, scoot, scoot—
Lists the scootinabulation of his scoot.

O luminous spring, O epoch of beatific efflorescence, when the dog rakes himself with his southwest foot and looks like a banjo player in action, O ethereal Aphrodite in flower-polonaise, flounced, tucked, turned, gored, shirred, cut on the bias, permit us to drop the curtain before we compromise you.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

E'S AND O'S.

With a terrible wheeze she told him her woes,
That those she paid fees were always her foes,
That the mites filled that cheese whichever she chose,
That the badly sung glees singers always did gloze,
That stone cold were her knees and the end of her nose,
That her wish for green peas her folks did oppose,
That she always would sneeze at the lightest of snows,
That, when folks wished to tease, they trod on her toes,
That, when she wished these, she always got those,
Yet he sat at his ease, merely uttering his ohs.

THE PLAY'S THE THING.

Such French plays as they give us here
Are made to cause our tears to gush,
Or, when they show French morals queer,
To make our modest maidens blush;
Most English plays, it seems quite clear,
Make from our lips loud laughter rush;
The German deftly seem to steer
"Twixt laughter's noise and pathos' hush;
While native plays, short-lived and drear,
Are made—well, chiefly made of mush.

WHY WE LAUGH.

Not that the things are funny,
But that some folks insist
The fellow who has said them
Was born a humorist.

APRIL FIRST.

All folks are glad that stormy March has gone
forevermaw,
For, through that dreadful month, the days
were rare that were not raw.

ARTHUR LO T.

COMMUNISTIC AND CULINARY.

How doth ye pious Feejee man
His missionary take?
On toast or frizzled in a pan
Or else him doth he bake,
How takes ye gentle Nihilist
His Czar he loves so well?
He peppers him if he resist
Or takes him on the shell.

JOHN ALDRO.

ALL THE SAME.

The soap-fat man's familiar face
Is now no longer seen;
All kitchen grease finds a new place
In Oilymargarine.

"INCOG."

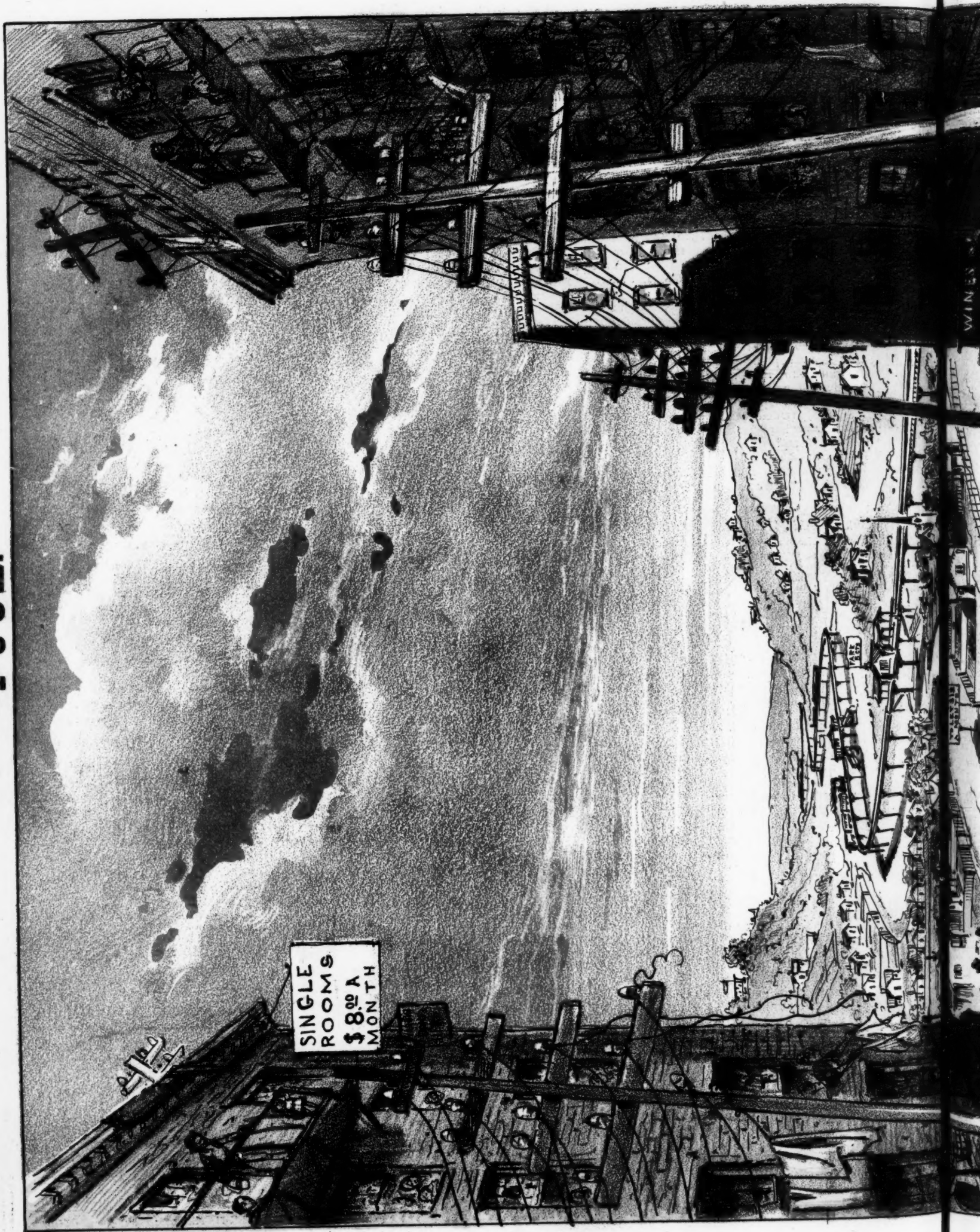
'TIS NOW—

'Tis now the rug
Resigns the bug,
The latter seeks the ug-
Ly pug
The maiden paints upon the mug,
And every fellow now doth slug
The foaming Bock from yellow jug;
The little boys all try the tug
Of war, and gardens now are dug;
The dog now grabs the Billy's lug,
And now the young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of hug.

TENNYSON.

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up stairs.

PUCK.





THE RENT QUESTION.

PUCK TO CAPITALIST:—"Why not build little \$1000 Cottages and let them to our Laboring Classes at \$12 a month, so that they may breathe pure air—it would be a paying investment?"
CAPITALIST:—"My dear fellow—they wouldn't live in them if I did. Even if they have to lodge over a Stable or a Gin mill, they won't leave the City!"

A SERENADE.

THIS calm night on the fragrant air there floats
A sweet and touching ballad from afar,
Made sweeter by the tender, tremulous notes
Evoked, with dainty touch, from a guitar.

Heightened by love, unmindful of the dew,
He lies upon the grass across the way—
Would he sing on, I wonder, if he knew
SHE and the family moved the other day?
MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

AMUSEMENTS.

The revised, renewed and reconstructed "Our Goblins" are merry-making at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic applause of the admirers of Mitchell's Pleasure Party.

We don't like the play of "That Man from Cattaraugus," at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, nor did we like the way Mr. John E. Owens played it on the first night. The last act was a triumph of realism—but a triumph such as few actors would care to boast of.

Wallack is at WALLACK'S, playing his last nights at his theatre previous to the up-town move—in "A Scrap of Paper"—as only Wallack can play—with the best cast in the country, for it includes John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan, Stella Boniface, and Effie Germon. Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" is in preparation.

"Voyagers in Southern Seas," with its fine ballet and brilliant scenery, is keeping BOOTH'S THEATRE warm for the farewell appearance of Miss Sadie Bernhardt, who will first show herself from Easter Monday, April 18th, for ten nights and two matinées, and is to play during the time in "l'Etrangère," "la Princesse Georges" and "le Marquis de Villemer."

There will not be many more opportunities of seeing "Fresh, the American," for Mr. John T. Raymond has engagements elsewhere. Those persons, therefore, who wish to keep up with the times, had better wend their way to the PARK THEATRE box-office to secure seats, although they will find it a hard job to "avoid speculators," notwithstanding the caution in the advertisement.

It would be a difficult matter to describe Barnum's Great Show, but what are we to do when we have the Very Greatest Show on Earth, in union with the Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie, and the International Allied Shows? We feel, as it were, struck all of a heap. Such a galaxy of wonders is too much for us. We have nothing to say about it except that there are three circus rings, a nursing baby elephant, and seats for 11,000 at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

This is the last week of Mapleson's Italian Opera at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. "La Forza del Destino" was given for the first time this season with Campanini, Galassi, Del Puente, Novara, Miss Cary, and Mrs. Swift. "Lohengrin" will be repeated for the last time to-night. It is generally understood that Mr. Mapleson has no reason to complain of the way in which Americans have recognized his efforts operatically. We don't know the amount in pounds sterling of that draft on London, but we believe it is a pretty big one.

There is no falling off in the attendance at DALY'S THEATRE, where "Cinderella at School" continues to give hundreds a pleasant and bright evening's entertainment, not forgetting those who attend the matinées. Our opinion regarding the amusing character of this piece is more than ever confirmed after seeing it three or four times. It is full of jolly, innocent, rollicking fun, and ought to be witnessed by every school-girl in New York and vicinity—although there is mirth enough in it for those that are not school-girls.

Mrs. Scott Siddons appeared at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, on Monday night, in "As You Like It," which she will repeat at to-day's matinée. "Blind Iolanthe" and the "Honeymoon" were announced for last night, and "School for Scandal" for this evening. "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth"

are also promised. Mrs. Siddons is heavily weighted with her name, but she is an actress of much intelligence and considerable talent. It is fortunate that nobody is alive who saw the original Mrs. Siddons act, in there were her descendant would have a pretty hard time of it in the way of comparisons.

THE STAGE OF DRESS.



NCE we had those sterling plays,
Of wit and pathos too,
In those good, old-fashioned days;
But now they'll never do!

The play must be romantic,
If it would be the rage—
In dress the town is frantic—
The Muse has left the stage!

The prompter's boy confesses:
"It is a painful fact,
They come to see our dresses,
And not to see us act!"

And every youthful beauty
That walks the avenue,
Considers it her duty
To "see those dresses" too!

The lady of the laces,
Whose hat's of latest hue,
The belle of all the races
Has passed them in review!

And madame in her mourning
Would take a peep so sly,
To see if her adorning
Will pass the critic's eye!



Lo! the queen of fashion
Floats in her gorgeous trim,
And sees, through flights of passion,
Her glory growing dim!

From you, alas! Miss Nancy,
We looked for better things,
Then waste your brilliant fancy
On dress and diamond rings!

And so we rhyme and ponder,
While sinks the drama low,
That managers will squander
Their gold on empty show:

"You know we had some favorite plays,
We could not costume less!
To balance those degenerate days,
We bring out loads of dress!

"We do not boast a masterpiece
In this dramatic dearth—
Our pockets will with gold increase
If we but know its Worth!"

"And when we score our next success,
You'll see what we're about—
We'll fill the stage with splendid dress,
But leave the acting out!"

JAQUES.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Canoe Trip" is by Mr. Frederick H. Seymour. The sketches appeared originally in the *Detroit Free Press*, which is sufficient guarantee that they are as funny as they are readable.

"The Arrow" is the name of a paper published at Short Hills, N. J. It is small; but has a large allowance of vigor and humor to the square inch. It is the organ of Short Hills, and Short Hills is to be congratulated on its organ.

"Bill Nye and Boomerang," by Bill Nye himself, is one of the best books of true Western American humor ever written. Some of the shorter extracts from this really funny work will appear in PUCK. Belford, Clarke & Co., of Chicago, are the publishers.

While the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has been getting larger, the New York *Clipper*, our esteemed dramatic and sporting contemporary, has been getting smaller—not that it has any smaller amount of reading in its columns, but that the matter is served up in a more convenient and manageable shape.

"The Irish Land Question" is a smart-looking pamphlet published by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Henry George is the author. We have not read the work with care, but we venture to say that we know as much about the Irish land question and the way to settle it as Mr. Henry George or anybody else. There would be perfect peace in Ireland if every Irishman were allowed to live on the land rent free and to have as many shotguns in his possession as he could conveniently stow away in his cabin or cottage for use in cases of emergency.

We scarcely knew our admired esteemed and witty contemporary, the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, when it came to us the other day, as is its wont in the waning afternoon—it had grown so large and had improved so much in appearance. On investigating the matter, we discovered that these surprising changes were owing to its being printed on a Hoe type-web perfecting press, said to be the only one of its kind in the world—and we can quite believe it. But all the Hoe presses in Christendom will not make a good newspaper unless it has men of brains to conduct it. This is the happy position of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

Answers for the Avaricious.

HASELTINE.—Take her rinking.

D. P. GUFFY.—The man who wants to rhyme "Goliath" and "higher" has to do it somewhere outside of this office.

G. N. G.—We can't use your "Nursery Rhymes." Perhaps you have not yet got far enough away from the period of infantile lyrics to tackle this style of poetry. Wait until you are in your second childhood before you send us any more.

S. P. IRIT.—Good, very good. Do it again. And when you bring your next poem, come with it yourself—don't send it by mail. We want to see you. We have a bull-dog who wants to see you, too. We are getting him nice and fat for the dog-show, and he is particularly fond of tender, fresh young poets of your sort.

S. C. A., BALTIMORE.—We know you. You are the kind of youth who thinks it funny to pull a chair from under a man just as he is about to sit down. You are the kind of youth who ought to go to England and sit for the rest of your life at a pantomime, watching the clown burn the pantaloons with a red-hot poker. We judge this from the humorous outburst you have sent us:

POETRY (THIS TIME).

I gazed upon her, as she lay.
Her bosom heaved in gentle rest,
There throbbed a heart which all was mine,
Within the confines of its breast.
I deemed myself a blessed one,
And humbly thanked my happy fate;
I leaned to catch her murmuring breath—
"That blasted club of yours keeps late."

AJAX.

PENSION BEATS.—VARIOUS TYPES.



Roar of distant cannon caused deafness.



Funny-bone injured. Unable to support himself by comic writing.



Broken nose received falling asleep while on sentinel duty.



Rheumatism. Can't do any work, and never did.

IT'S NO USE COMING.

A. Jack Pindar, M. C.

Hon. Mrs. A. Jack Pindar,
Rising Sun,
Castaway County,
Wisconsin.

House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, D. C., }
April 1, 1881. }

My dear Bella:

It's no use coming. You had better stay in Rising Sun. Money and fashion run this place, and brains like mine don't get a living, breathing show. You remember when I was nominated. Rising Sun had never before turned out so smart a man. I was a deacon in good standing in the church. I owned a first mortgage on the schoolhouse. I was Treasurer of the Rising Sun Savings Fund, President of the Castaway County National Bank, and Supervisor of the town. I had the biggest house, the largest credit, the flyest family and the freshest wife in Castaway County. (No offense, Bella; you know it's true.) We drove the only pleasure team, visited where and whom we liked. It's no use talking, Bella, you and I ran Rising Sun, if ever a metropolis was run.

To be nominated I spent \$1,500, and to be elected \$2,000 more. I thought my talents were thrown away on Rising Sun and would shine brightly here. You remember you had read in the papers of Mrs. Hayes receiving guests in a brocaded silk in the White House. "Why," says you, "I've a *fleur de lily* satin dress as can take the fringe off any brocade silk yet made, and when Andy goes to Washington I'll just show it." Well, my dear, Andy has got to Washington, but he might as well have stayed in Rising Sun for all the notice he gets. Don't come. You can never wear that *fleur de lily* satin, and you can't show it, 'cept by hanging it up in a window.

This Washington is an eternal fraud. You can't try and make a good trade with a man but what he gets the best of you. I saw a man yesterday go into a store on K Street and pay one dollar for a pretty picture-album. I went in and said to the girl at the counter: "I'm Congressman-elect from the Castaway district. Give me one also."

"Oh, yes," said she: "Mr. Pindar of Rising Sun. Two dollars and a half."

I paid it. Bella, when I got outside I saw this sign:

"The Original Dollar Store."

They charge Congressmen just double at the hotels; they never give them any change at the bars; tailors make them pay in advance. You pay no postage for a letter, but have to give a page 50 cents for putting it in a box.

The day after I was sworn in a member from North Carolina got up and says: "I want to pair with my colleague from Wisconsin, Mr. Pindar of Rising Sun. Will he do it?" You know, Bella, I'd pair with any one if I thought there was a dollar in it, so I said: "Yes, I pair."

The North Carolina member—curse him—has gone to the Hot Springs for his health, and I can't have a vote until he returns!

Every time I get up to talk some fellow makes a motion to go into executive session and shuts me over. A motion to adjourn as soon as I begin seems to be always in order. In the caucus they paired me with a nigger. I haven't seen the President. The papers speak of me as the "stove-polish politician who misrepresents the honest yeomen of Castaway." You know, Bella, there's not an honest man within fifty miles of Rising Sun, as my brother-in-law, who left Wisconsin and went over to Minnesota, where he is in the State's Prison, knows to his cost.

There is not a woman in Washington but the Congressmen's wives. I am as lonesome as a grist-mill in January. Never see a feminine face. Don't come on.

They have put me, Bella, on the Committee of Revolutionary Claims. There are only three pensioners, and, as they are in Washington, no mileage can be made. I am also on the Committee of Contingent Diplomatic Relations with Extinct Tribes of Indians; but we've held no meeting yet.

I have a seat in the last row near Sam Cox; but he is an Ohio man, and when I try to talk to the Speaker he stands up in front of me. The way the country is run is all wrong. I am disgusted. You stay in Rising Sun and be as economical as possible. I will worry along here doing the State some service, and will try—oh, Bella, how hard I will try!—to forget.

Your affectionate husband,

A. JACK PINDAR, M. C.

P. C.—Be sure and let me know if by any chance you do come.

ERNEST HARVIER.

SIMPKINS saw Peterson kicking a bundle of old clothes yesterday, and asked him what he was doing. "Getting into trim," said Peterson, "for the young man that swings on the front gate. It cost me three dollars for a new gate last year, and I'm going to get my money's worth out of him."

IMPROMPTU.

WINGING round the corners,
Swooping down the stretch,
Crowding on the mourners—
(Oh, you heedless wretch!)
Like a lily bending,
Blooming like a pink,
Defly, safely wending,
Rolling round the rink.
Watch the graceful motion,
Like the bird in air,
Like a ship in ocean
When the wind is fair.
Threading all the mazes,
Spread from brink to brink,
Grace in all its phases,
Rolling round the rink.
Steady as the swaying
Of the pendule beat,
See the easy playing
Of the little feet.
Lads and lassies gliding
With their hands a-link,
Slipping, swimming, sliding,
Rolling round the rink.
Timid tyros creeping,
Sticking close to shore,
Envy us brave sweeping
Round and round the floor.
While the strains inspiring
Swell and softly sink—
'Tis a joy untiring,
Rolling round the rink.
All is mirth and laughter,
Pleasure fails to none,
Up from floor to rafter
Rise the notes of fun.
Up from every stumble,
Quicker than a wink,
No one heeds a tumble,
Rolling round the rink.
Cheeks grow red as cherries,
Ruddy in their glow,
Like the holly berries,
'Mid the winter snow.
Eyes, grown dull with crying,
Flash as black as ink,
As we circle, flying,
Rolling round the rink.
When the blues oppress you,
As they sometimes will,
When dull care distress you,
And will not be still,
You the imps may banish
In a trice, I think,
If you bid them vanish
Rolling round the rink.

WENTWORTH ROLLINS.

ADVICE by one who knows.

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TREATMENT. By two or three hot brandies and water, and temporary relief gotten, and a bad head-ache next day. COST—

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2d. A TRAVELER with same complaint as preceding one.

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As they are MADE OF PURE TOBACCO, and are
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FOR SALE BY
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And Other First-Class Dealers.

By an unfortunate accident, in a previous issue an objectionable extract from a presumably reputable western paper obtained insertion in our columns. We were imposed upon in common with several other publications. We wish to express our regret at this wholly unavoidable error, and to assure our readers that the name of the offending journal will never again appear in Puck.

AN exchange says that "of the six hundred young ladies attending Vassar no two can agree as to what they would do in case they saw a bear." The Philadelphia News explains that to choose between the danger of being hugged under such circumstances and throwing away such a splendid opportunity to get hugged would certainly be rather difficult.

Two weeks ago we made a resolution to drop all our exchanges which might be rash enough to perpetrate the toothless and wrinkled pun about books and umbrellas keeping Lent. And now we must either smash our resolution or strike from our list nearly all our best exchanges. They all do it.—Norristown Herald.

It is said that Dickens's works were never popular in France. Dickens didn't have the faculty of describing how a married woman carries on four flirtations at once.—Boston Post.

GENERAL GARFIELD should have a huge sign painted and hung across the pillars in front of the White House, labelled: "Smallpox; No Vacancies."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Quiet Nerves and Balmy Sleep in Hop Bitters, for sleepless Ladies and Invalids.

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ACHES.

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Cigarettes
Sweet
Colonial
St. James
St. James
Maine
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IF

he were living, Troxell would contradict many statements made in the newspapers by our 'Snide of the K' friends(?) "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!" Every one interested is invited to call at our OFFICE, No. 22 PARK PLACE, New York, and examine the DOCUMENTARY PROOFS—sworn testimony and SUPREME Court decisions—before placing reliance upon the newspaper assertions of any parties besmeared with Oleo-butter, Glucose-honey and *current*-ly believed to be the owners of a half-price scouring soap.

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CUMMINS.—I consider it without comparison.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

This morning the loud report of a pistol was heard on Market Street, near the City Hall, followed by a yell of agony. Encouraged by the hope that a Supervisor had been wiped out, the bystanders hurried joyfully to the spot, where the murderer stood over the body of his victim, carefully polishing his pistol, preparatory to reloading the empty chamber.

"I arrest you for the murder of this man," said a policeman, rushing up and seizing the shooter by the arm.

"Stand back, fellow!" exclaimed the marksman haughtily. "Do you not know who I am? I am No. 4163."

The officer took from his pocket his official list of citizens provided with legal certificates of intermittent emotional insanity, and turned to the number mentioned.

"What name?" he asked.

"Gufferson."

"All O. K.," said the policeman, respectfully. "You see this isn't my regular beat. You must excuse me, sir."

"Very well," said the shootist sternly, as he walked off; "but don't let it occur again."—*San Francisco Post.*

Don't Wait.

Sediment or mucus in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort and be cured before it is too late. It is always effectual and has cured thousands. Druggists sell both the dry liquid. See adv.



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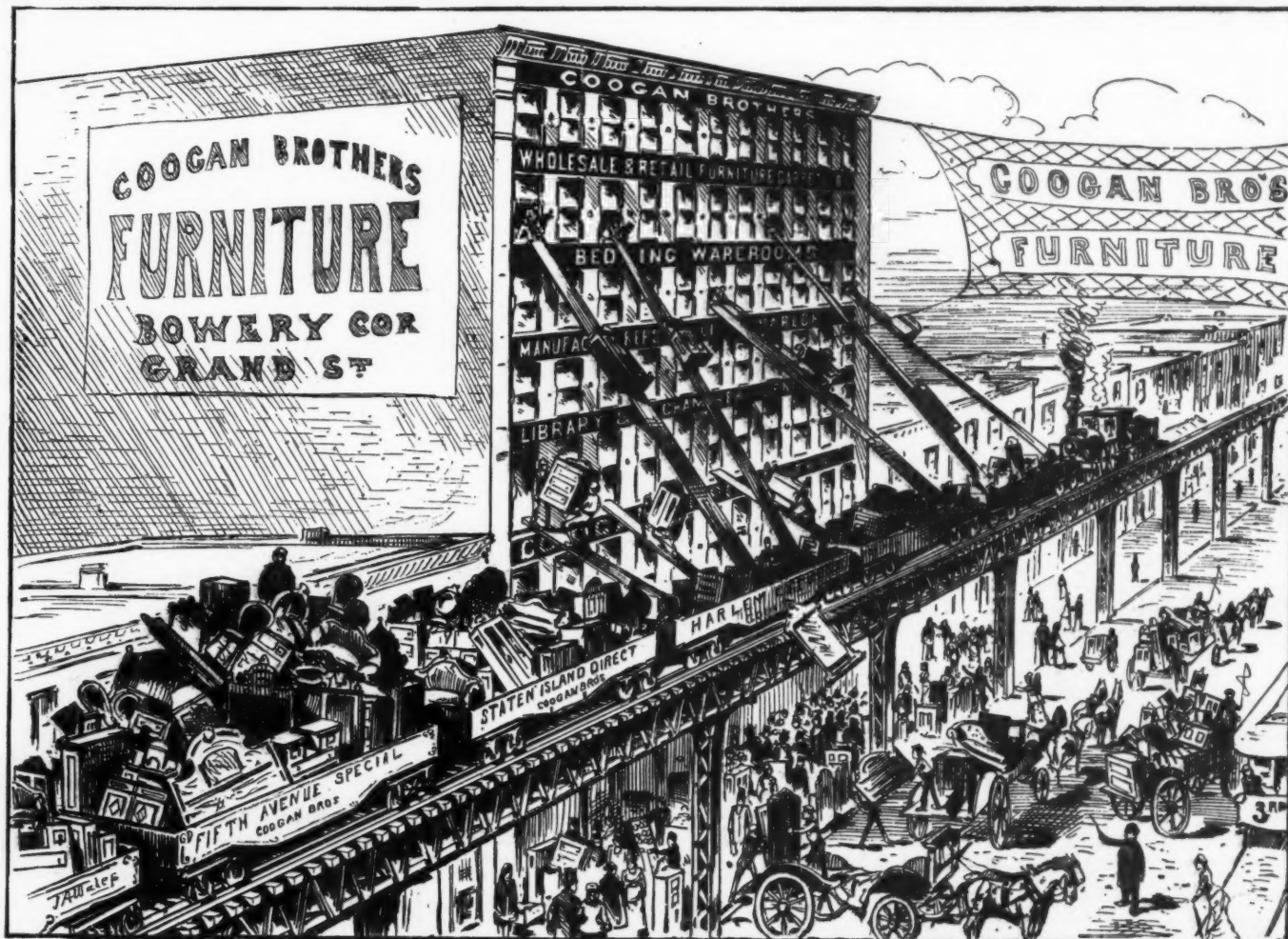
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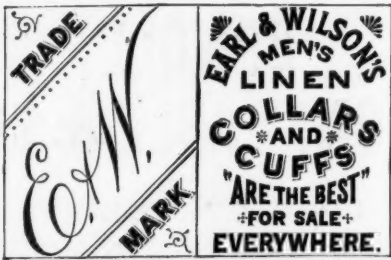
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No doubt if President Garfield were to unbosom himself—unlock the innermost recesses of his heart and reveal the secrets contained therein—he would have to confess—not that the question of calling an extra session of Congress caused him to lose a wink of sleep, but that he has already received—twenty-seven letters from presidents of agricultural societies inviting him to attend State fairs next Fall.—*Norristown Herald.*

AFTER the officials of a Kansas town had vainly endeavored to disperse a mob, a minister mounted a box and made the simple announcement: "A collection will now be taken up." The result can be easily guessed.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

Edgar T. Page, Esq., Druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for a severe case of rheumatism, and it cured him, as if by magic. He also used it with great success among his horses in cases of sprains, sores, etc., and it cures every time.

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Beware of Wire and Other So-called Magnetic Brushes. They injure the Scalp and Promote Baldness. Remember that Dr. Scott's is the Only **ELECTRIC** Brush in the World, and Made of Pure Bristles. If You Have Bought a Wire, Metallic, or any Magnetic Brush, Thinking it Was This One, You Have Been Imposed Upon.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.

A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!!

NOW RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances **PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES.** This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
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CURE DANDRUFF & DISEASES OF THE SCALP!!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREM. TURE GRAYNESS!!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED!!
Used as a Flesh Brush Quickly Cures Rheumatism.

It rarely fails to produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

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The Pall Mall Electric Association
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NEW YORK BRANCH:
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[From the Mayor of Saratoga.]

"I cheerfully testify to the merits of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. It cures my head-aches within a few minutes. I am so pleased with it I purchased another for my wife. It is an excellent Hair Brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers."
JAS. B. CHAPMAN.

[From Rev. D. Bridgeman.]

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"GENTS:—I have never given before a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy."
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"I would not take \$1,000 for my Brush"

If I could not replace it. Its effect is marvelous." Mr. Smith is a gentleman well known in this City as a Law Publisher, and also a Director in several Public Institutions of New York.
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HENRY BARTLEY.

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TAKE NO OTHER
See that name is on the box.

Mention this Paper.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy, and have placed in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James of New York, as a guarantee of good faith.

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Enclose 10 cents extra for registration, and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of opening and examining. But expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box.

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EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.**



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to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
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CHAMPAGNE,
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In cases, quarts.....\$7.00
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A suitable discount to the trade.

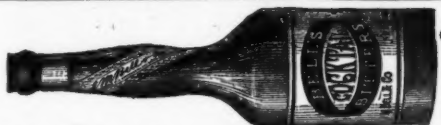
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Price, Per Case, (One Dozen).....\$6.00

A TRUE HERO.

You may say what you please, but the high-
est form of heroism is not found on the battle-
field. In the humble walks of everyday life we
note instances of lofty self-sacrifice and sublime
courage, before which the powder drunken in-
trepidity of carnage fades into nothingness.
On the surgeon's table, in the sick room, at
the railroad switch, in the ball room—aye, even
upon the crowded, hurrying street—must be
sought the real heroes of life.

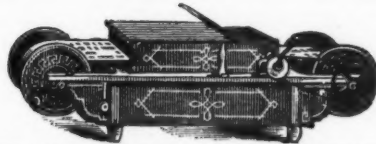
The other morning, just after the four hun-
dred and fifty-second regular rain of the sea-
son had ceased, a young and exquisitely dressed
couple emerged from the Palace Hotel and
started on a promenade up Market Street. The
spotless elegance of their attire, as well as its
perfect make and newness bespoke an Eastern
couple on their bridal tour. As they were on
the crossing by Lotta's Fountain the lady sud-
denly turned deathly pale and directed the
eyes of her equally horror-stricken companion
to a huge rut directly in front of them, on the
edge of which the wheel of a four-horse truck
was about to descend into the barrel or so of
muddy water it contained. The situation was
a terrible one. Behind them another vehicle
cut off their retreat, and in another second the
bride's elaborate costume would be a sticky
and dripping ruin. In moments of imminent
peril the mind of the truly great man acts with
lightning rapidity. With pale face and com-
pressed lips the gentleman stepped between the
trembling woman and the coming deluge. He
was spattered from the crown of his new silk
hat to the bottom of his immaculate lavender
pant, but his wife's dress was spared. There
was not a dry eye in the vicinity as amid the
cheers of the bystanders the devoted man re-
tracted his steps to the hotel.

Does not this beautiful incident teach us—
[NOTE.—With great difficulty, and utterly
regardless of expense, Mr. Dodd has been pre-
vailed upon to relinquish his evident intention
of padding out this rather attenuated incident
into a regular four column love story. We de-
sire, however, to state that we have personally
suffered considerable damage by the identical
rut referred to, and if it is not abated by noon
to-morrow, the life and past record of the pre-
sent Superintendent of Streets, as well as his
near relatives, will be attacked and exposed in
this journal.—ED. POST.—Derrick Dodd, in San
Francisco Post.

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring
renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house
are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need
cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and
bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring
malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing
that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest
and best of medicines.—Concord, N. H., Patriot.

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flavor, now used over the whole world, cures
Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and
all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few
drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of
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Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine
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Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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**Natural
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BOHEMIAN- AND LAGER-BEER
The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles,
warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

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goods for **E. G. RIDEOUT & CO.,** 10 Barclay Street, New
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Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
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Corner Fulton Street.
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Wholesale Agents for the sale of this Brand in,

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First Prize Medal,
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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.
ALL KINDS OF FINE JEWELRY AND
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Chromos, 10c. All
new styles, designed by best artists. Bouquets,
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\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit
free. Address TRUB & Co., Augusta, Maine.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

THE American Social Science Association at Boston has sent out a circular containing a series of questions through which it hopes to ascertain "facts of great value to the psychologist." In the first series, which is devoted to the care and mental development of babies, occurs one that has been answered by an ardent and admiring young mother who resides in Yorkville. It is: "When did the baby first notice its hand?" To which she replies: "That's hard to say! After it was four months old it kept either a fist or a foot in its mouth most of the time. Couldn't say which had the preference." If science gets a few boosts like this, she can fold her hands and live on the interest of thought—that doesn't require even a principal.—*N. Y. Commercial Adve.*

"YES, I knew him," the Texas sheriff remarked, when somebody asked him about Red-handed Bill; "I never met him but once; he came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he came in and left the measure of his neck with me for a lariat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveler. "Not very well," said the sheriff, "blamed thing was too tight; but he never said anything after he tried it on, so I didn't change it." And then the committee rose and reported the bill to the house, which shortly afterward took a recess until the evening session.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"LET me out! let me out! I've got salvation!" sobbed a thin man, in a many-pocketed ulster, up at the M. and S. meeting the other night, as he wedged toward the door. "Let me go home and bear the blessed tidings to my unbelieving wife." But all the same a suspicious detective jammed him up against the wall and unloaded from his pocket three watches and five pocketbooks, after which the services went on.—*San Francisco Post.*

[Des Moines (Iowa) State Register.]

We notice the following in an exchange: Mr. G. B. Haverer, Foreman N. Y. & N. H. S. B. Co., suffered for eight days with terrible pain in the back, almost to distraction, until he heard of and used St. Jacob's Oil, one bottle of which cured him completely.

LYONS' UMBRELLAS
are stamped "Lyon, Maker," and are only for sale by first-class dealers.

SMOKE! SMOKE!
LA ROSA—ALL TOBACCO.

THOS. BAILEY Plumber and Practical
Sanitary Engineer,
10th Avenue, cor. 151st St., N. Y.

DR. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER MAILED ON THE RECEIPT
of 25 cents. Address Dr. HURD, 32 Bedford Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Postage Stamps Received.

H. WALDSTEIN,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
41 Union Square, New York.

EYES FITTED WITH SUITABLE GLASSES. Consultation, inquiry
and correspondence solicited from those whose sight is impaired.
FIELD, MARINE, OPERA and TOURISTS GLASSES of superior
quality, and a choice assortment of OPTICAL GOODS at moderate
prices. Artificial Human Eyes. Send for Catalogue.



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Presses and outfits from \$3 to \$500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and
reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

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GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1873.

ENGLISH HATS,
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Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY—THE BEST!!

CURES
Constipation,
Biliousness,
Headache, &c., &c.



TRY IT ONCE, AND YOU WILL
ESTEEM IT HIGHLY AS A
SAFE AND EFFECTIVE
REMEDY.

PACKED IN BRONZED TIN BOXES ONLY.
THE BEST PREPARATION IN THE WORLD.
PRICE 25 CENTS. LARGE BOXES 60 CENTS.
Sold by all first-class druggists.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!
BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 10229, 78 John St., N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

This Great Remedy acts at the same
time on the diseases of the
LIVER, BOWELS & KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful
power to cure all diseases.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to be
come clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors
are therefore forced into the blood that should
be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

**BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION,
KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY
DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS,
AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,**
by causing free action of these organs and
restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!
Why have sleepless nights!

Use **KIDNEY-WORT** and rejoice in health!
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin
cans one package of which makes six quarts of
medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated,
for those that cannot readily prepare it.
It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, \$1.00.
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(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

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LET THERE BE LIGHT A Second Invitation.

A committee of the Legislature appointed to investigate the manufacture of oleomargarine oil and butter, and to ascertain whether those products, and not the reeking fish and rotting garbage left by the street cleaning authorities in the public streets, are the cause of New York's increased mortality, has been in session in this city. The Commercial Manufacturing Company, consolidated, invited the committee to visit their factory at 48th street and North River, to obtain light, and to see of what materials and by what methods the oleomargarine products are made. They embraced in the invitation the city authorities, the Board of Health, and the public generally. The Committee chose to go first to the Dairy Cheese and Butter Exchange to listen to the false statements of interested dealers, market hucksters, salt speculators, and penny-a-line Bohemians regarding the manufacture of an article they have an interest in destroying or blackmailing, rather than to investigate, examine, and judge for themselves. Only two of the eleven committee-men paid a flying visit to the factory. A daily journal seeks to justify this course by implying that the manufactory was prepared and fixed for the visit, and could not be seen in its real condition and in its ordinary operation.

The Commercial Manufacturing Company now invites and solicits visits from the city authorities, the Board of Health, and the people of New York at any hour of the day or night, on any day of the week except Sunday, to its factory on Forty-eighth st and North River. Any visitor is at liberty to go over the premises and to examine the materials used and the process of manufacture, whether the officers of the company are present or absent, and to ascertain for himself whether the statements made by interested parties and strikers as to the impurity of the products are true or false. The Company desires that its products be judged on their merits and to be protected in its rights, and to expose and brand the conspiracy to break down a great industry which gives to the people of this country and of Europe a cheap and wholesome article of food, and which is destined to drive from the market of the world the rancid stuff sold in such large quantities under the name of dairy butter.

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